

The Two Dreemurrs

by Corpse Party At Freddy's

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Summary: Asriel and Frisk are always there for each other...no matter what happens to either of them. (Now a collection of oneshots) Rated K for possible injuries and maybe a little blood. But there is also fluffy cuteness that would make Temmie faint!

1. Chapter 1: Nightmares

****Because I love these two.****

****Frisk-14 years old****

****Asriel-15 years old****

****ENJOY~!****

"Frisk..." Asriel said, smiling at his friend through tears. "Don't you have anything better to do...?" An icy stab of pain shot through the child's SOUL as he watched Asriel turn around to take care of the flowers. Frisk wiped away tears and reached out to touch his friend. But before his eyes, his brother transformed into a buttercup flower with a demonic grin. "DIE!"

Frisk wakes up, shivering. He wraps his blanket around himself tightly and curls up. Why does he always have this same dream? A feeling of complete helplessness as he watches Asriel become Flowey again. He shivers again and looks over at his brother. The goat-like monster is fast asleep, a peaceful expression on his face. His already messy fur is sticking up in places, and his floppy ears are spread out to the sides. His horns are still barely grown, sticking only an inch or two out from his head. Frisk would find this adorably funny in any other situation. But instead, he pushes the blankets away and slips off of his bed. The room is a little cold, but luckily the floor is carpet, so it's not that chilly for Frisk's bare feet. He quietly tiptoes over to Asriel's bed and stops, biting his lip. Asriel can be _very _cranky if he's woken up in the middle of the

night. Deciding that it's worth the risk before he can doubt himself, Frisk lifts up the blankets and crawls under them, now pressed against Asriel. The goat monster almost immediately twitches and shifts, stirring slightly. Frisk stops moving, looking up at his brother's fur covered muzzle. He bites his lip and looks down as Asriel's eyes open. There's only silence for several seconds.

"...another nightmare...?" His brother's deep, smooth voice asks quietly. Frisk's eyes widen a little, and his lip quivers. Asriel smiles tiredly, but warmly. "You always roll around a lot when you have bad dreams..." Frisk frowns and presses a little closer to Asriel. The monster's smile grows as he wraps his arms around Frisk's smaller body and pulls him close. The human smiles and presses his face into the monster's neck, the warm and soft fur already making him tired again. Asriel's full on grinning now, even with a light blush covering his cheeks and showing through his fur. Frisk sighs happily, his legs tangled up with Asriel's. The goat monster's tail twitches, and he grips the back of Frisk's striped pajama shirt gently. He waits until Frisk's breathing evens out before he even closes his eyes again. "I love you, Frisk..." He whispers, nuzzling into his brother's long mess of hair. He smiles and falls asleep.

...

Voices begging for mercy. Screaming. Glinting. Blood. Laughing. Asriel watched from a distance, as Flowey, while Frisk slaughtered every monster he encountered. As impressed as Flowey was (though Asriel feels disgusted at that), he also recognized that Frisk was showing no trace of reason, empathy, or mercy. And for the first time in many years, Flowey recognized an emotion that he was feeling: fear.

Asriel jolts up from his bed, his fur damp with sweat and his eyes brimming with tears. He looks over to Frisk's bed and whispers his name, his own voice shaky. Frisk almost immediately wakes up and turns to look at Asriel. Within another second, he's slipping under the blankets of his brother's bed and hugging him tightly. Asriel can't help but smile, even as tears mat down the fur under his eyes. Frisk always knew how to make him feel better...no matter what the situation, the human is Asriel's light at the end of a dark tunnel. One of his floppy ears raise a little as Frisk whispers something into his chest. Asriel blushes slightly and presses his muzzle onto Frisk's head, kissing it.

"I love you too, Frisk..." _You're not like that...you'll never be that way...You love us just as much as we love you... _Asriel sighs and closes his eyes, allowing sleep to overcome him once more.

...

As Toriel waves to her kids when they get into Alphys's car, she smiles. The second the car is out of sight, she walks into the living room and opens her computer. Plugging her phone to it, she goes onto every social media website she belongs to and uploads two videos together. She decides to type a message above them before she posts: "My adorable children." The first one shows Frisk as he crawls into Asriel's bed and presses against him. Then Asriel wakes up and

mutters something before hugging him. The other has Asriel looking at Frisk as the human is almost instantly at his side and once again shares a bed with his brother. After Toriel rewatches them both, she looks at the video's statistics. 1,200 views already and counting. 982 likes, and 547 comments.

...

Asriel's cell phone beeps. He looks down at it.

"Mom posted something..." He says to Frisk. They look at the phone screen curiously.

Toriel posted "My adorable children" Two minutes ago.

Expecting pictures of them when they were younger, Asriel taps the notification. He blushes so hard that his fur looks pink. Frisk looks absolutely mortified. They only feel more embarrassed when they read the most recent comments.

Sans-Tastic: looks like asriel's got a bedbug lmao

CoolSkeleton97: THE PRINCE AND THE HUMAN ARE TOGETHER?!

Metta-Star: Aren't your darlings adorable ^^

Undying Undyne: A loser with a big heart and a wimp with a big heart. A match made in heaven ;)

AnimeLover201X: I ship it :3

Asriel looks up slowly at Alphys, who's grinning at them sheepishly. Frisk presses his face in Asriel's shoulder to hide his embarrassment. Asriel begins to push him off, but the damage is done as Alphys snaps a picture. A few seconds later, Asriel's phone beeps again. He slowly looks at it.

AnimeLover201X posted "My OTP" less than a minute ago.

Oh God, I don't even know if I ship this or not XD They're so freaking cute together though!

I tried my best to keep Frisk silent. I even slipped in him not actually having dialogue, since in the game you don't actually see Frisk answer something X3

I might post more like this if people like it!

2. Chapter 2: Controller

So, this one is based on a dubbed comic I saw on youtube X3

Asriel- Age 12

Frisk-Age 11

Enjoy!

"Come on!" Asriel exclaims angrily as the 'You Lose' sign flashes across the TV screen. "You've died twenty times already!" He looks over at Frisk, who's desperately trying to beat the very first boss in the game. "Just give me the controller!"

"MY DETERMINATION, THOUGH!" Frisk almost screams in reply, mashing the buttons randomly now.

"Just give me it!" Asriel grabs it, but Frisk holds on.

"No!" He whines. "I've got it this time! Just give it ba-AGH!" He finishes the last sentence with a surprised cry as Asriel tackles him. Frisk holds onto the controller tightly as his brother tries to yank it away. "MOM, ASRIEL'S BEING MEAN!"

"NO I'M NOT, SHUT UP!" Asriel yells, almost louder than Frisk. The monster wrestles Frisk for the controller for another solid two seconds before Toriel pulls them apart.

"Why are you two fighting?" She asks, obviously keeping herself from becoming angry.

"Asriel won't let me play!" Frisk exclaims, glaring. Asriel bleats angrily. He would normally blush, but he's too mad right now.

"You liar! It's been my turn for the last half hour!" He yells back. Toriel finally interrupts.

"Enough, children! Both of you, go to your room! Don't come out until you've decided to stop this petty fighting! Until then, you're grounded!" She releases them and switches off the game system, then grabs them both by the hand and almost _drags _them upstairs. She pushes them into their room and slams the door. Asriel gives Frisk a dirty look and receives one back.

"This is your fault." Frisk hisses, just loud enough for Asriel to hear but not Toriel. Asriel's face is red with anger, making the roots of his fur look slightly pink. Then tears start to roll down his face. He still looks angry, but he's crying. Instantly, all of Frisk's anger goes away. "Asriel...don't cry..."

"I'm not sad, you i-idiot..." Asriel stutters, a lot of his own anger gone. But not enough to take back the insult, as he usually does. Frisk looks down.

"I'm sorry..." He mutters. "For not letting you play..." Asriel wipes his eyes, but tears continue to fall.

"It's okay..." The monster replies, sniffing and wiping his eyes again. "I'm such a crybaby..." Frisk closes the distance between them and hugs his brother tightly. Asriel hugs back and presses his face into Frisk's neck, his anger ebbing away with sadness taking its place. He sobs quietly and grips the back of his brother's shirt. Frisk rubs his back. "You know I love you...right...?" Frisk nods and smiles.

"I love you too, Azzy..." He mutters. Asriel's tail wags, and he grins. They don't hear the door open until-

"am i interrupting something, kid?" Sans asks. The two jump away from

each other and stare at the skeleton, blushing. Sans looks between them, then stops at Frisk. "hey kid, mind if i talk to asriel for a bit?" Frisk looks at Sans, then his brother. He reluctantly nods and leaves the room. Sans waits until he's downstairs before looking at Asriel. His eyes are glowing a pale blue.

"Sans...?" Asriel asks uneasily.

"i know that it wasn't really you, when you were a flower. and i know you thought that frisk was chara. but i'll tell you this much...if you hurt frisk in any way..." His eyes brighten slightly. "you're gonna have a bad time."

"What...what're you..." Asriel stammers. The glow disappears from Sans' eyes, and he smirks. Or at least, he smirks as much as a skeleton visibly can.

"i give it about three to four years. you'll figure it out." He exits, leaving Asriel slightly scared and confused.

I couldn't work my way out of Frisk staying silent this time XD

But this is adorable, isn't it? :3

3. Chapter 3: Prank

A friend of mine at school helped me out with this one. For those of you that ship these two, be prepared to have a fangirl/boy attack!

Asriel-Age 15

Frisk-Age 14

Asriel's always been the hardest to wake up for school between he and Frisk. He loves school, but he despises the early hours. He keeps his eyes closed as his mom tries to wake him up, as he always does. It isn't until he realizes that Frisk hasn't tried to wake him up either that he sits up. He rubs his eyes and looks around the medium sized room that they share. The walls on Frisk's side are painted blue, his favorite color. The walls on Asriel's side, however, are pale green. Luckily, the two soft colors don't clash. The monster looks around again as he stands up and pats down a stubborn tuft of fur on his head absent mindedly.

"Frisk...?" He calls out tiredly. He frowns when he doesn't receive an answer. Then he sighs and gets dressed for school. Slung on his dark green backpack, he walks to their room door and opens it.

"BOO!" Frisk yells, jumping at him. Asriel cries out and stumbles back, then falls over. He glares at his brother, who's doubled over and laughing almost hysterically. Frisk wipes his eyes and looks down at Asriel, still grinning. "Awake now, aren't you?" He asks teasingly.

"Shut up..." Asriel growls quietly, standing up. "Please don't do that again." Frisk just giggles childishly and runs downstairs.

Asriel rolls his eyes, but smiles as he trudges down the stairs and yawns. "Morning, Mom! What's for breakfast?"

-8 Hours Later-

Asriel dashes past Frisk and runs into their house. Ignoring his mom, who's watching Mettaton's band play live, he goes upstairs and slips into the small closet in he and Frisk's room. He closes the door and holds back a laugh, covering his mouth. He hears Frisk downstairs, his floppy ears raising slightly.

"Hi Mom!" Frisk exclaims. "How's the show?"

"It's just fine, child." Toriel replies. "Why was Asriel in such a rush?"

"I don't know, I'm gonna go ask him." Asriel grins as he listens to his brother's approaching footsteps. Frisk opens the door. "Azzy?" He calls out. Asriel listens intently as Frisk walks closer. _C'mon, Frisk. Just a little more... _He grins widely as Frisk steps exactly where he need him to be. Asriel throws open the closet door and runs at Frisk...and he trips. They both cry out and topple to the ground, Asriel landing on top of Frisk. Time seems to freeze as their lips smash together. A dull pain runs through their jaws, but they don't notice. Their faces turn bright red, but they don't move. They can't. They're both too surprised. Asriel starts to shake slightly. Then his eyes widen as Frisk slowly wraps his arms around his middle. He doesn't protest; instead, he leans further into the kiss.

"Hey Frisk!" Undyne calls, opening the door. "Ready for your-" Then she sees them and stops. Her blue scales turn a bit darker, close to purple. Asriel leaps off of Frisk, who crawls backwards away. "..."
Undyne slowly backs out of the room, closing the door. Frisk and Asriel stand, their faces fiery red.

"I...I'm sorry..." Asriel mutters, rubbing his arm awkwardly. "I was gonna scare you, but..."

"It's fine..." Frisk replies quietly, looking down nervously. "I hope she doesn't tell anyone..." He bites his lip, then walks towards the door. He suddenly stops and kisses Asriel on the nose, then leaves. The monster bleats and blushes even more deeply. Then he follows Frisk downstairs and into the kitchen. Undyne and Papyrus are making...you guessed it...spaghetti.

"Not so hard, Papyrus." Undyne cautions the skeleton. "We don't wanna burn down Toriel's house." Papyrus looks at her as he continues to stir the pasta. But more gently.

"BUT YOU'RE THE ONE THAT SAYS TO-" She interrupts him.

"I know, but that's my house." She turns and sees the two boys, then looks away and clears her throat. She pushes them into the hallway, out of earshot.

"Undyne-" Frisk starts, but she holds up her hand to stop him.

"Don't. We never speak of this again. I don't know what the hell happened in there, and I don't think I want to know. But it happened,

and now we pretend it didn't. Capishe?" They nod, and so does she. "Alright. Now...are you two ready to create the most EPIC pasta in history?!" Asriel laughs while Frisk nods excitedly. They follow her into the kitchen, grinning.

****Credit to my friend from school for giving me this idea and making me write a rough draft to get myself going. And a special thanks to her for putting aside her beliefs to help me out. You're awesome!
:D****

4. Chapter 4: Sick

****And here's another one! Again, brought out by my school friend
X3****

****Asriel-Age 12****

****Frisk-Age 11****

****Enjoy, everyone!****

Frisk notices three things when he wakes up. One, the digital clock on the dresser reads 2:23 A.M. Two, the door to the room he and Asriel share is wide open. And three, Asriel isn't in his bed. Frisk sits up straight and looks around. It wouldn't be the first time that his brother has had trouble sleeping. Even after a year, the monster carries extreme guilt about what he had done as Flowey. Not seeing the goatlike child, Frisk gets out of his own bed and shivers. It's in the middle of Winter, and Toriel can't use fire magic to keep their room warm until they can create a makeshift fireplace.

"Asriel...?" He calls out quietly as he leaves the room, almost whispering to keep from waking Toriel up. He doesn't hear an answer. Just as he readies to call Asriel's name again, he notices that the bathroom door is slightly open, the light inside on. Frisk walks to the door and knocks on it gently.

"Come in..." Asriel mutters weakly from the other side. Frisk frowns and opens the door to see his brother kneeling over the toilet. He's shaking, and his thick fur is matted with sweat despite the cold. The toilet is filled with stomach acid. Frisk kneels next to his brother and hugs him tightly.

"I thought you ate dinner...?" He asks. Asriel slowly shakes his head, leaning onto the human for support. He leans down and spits bile into the toilet. Taking a deep, shaky breath, he answers.

"I wasn't...feeling very good..." He whispers hoarsely. Frisk sighs and rubs his brother's back gently. Then he smiles slightly and rests his head on the young monster's shoulder. Despite his obvious discomfort at the moment, Asriel manages a smile. "Thanks, Frisk..."

"Do you feel like you're gonna throw up again...?" The human asks quietly, looking back up at the monster. Off-handedly, he notices that Asriel is already starting to grow taller than him. He's snapped out of his thoughts when his brother shakes his head. "Okay. Let's go into the kitchen and get you some water, okay..." Asriel nods and

slowly stands, still slightly leaning against Frisk.

"Okay..." He whispers. Frisk smiles and guides his brother to the kitchen, acting as a crutch of sorts. When they finally reach the kitchen, Frisk eases Asriel onto a chair and runs some cold water into a glass. He places it in front of the young monster.

"Drink it slowly, and only-"

"I'm not stupid, I've been sick before!" Asriel suddenly snaps. The room fills with silence. He frowns and looks at the glass. "I'm sorry..." Frisk shakes his head and sits next to him, then leans onto him.

"Don't be sorry...I'm just worried about you, Azzy..." He mutters, The goat monster nods and hugs Frisk a little more weakly than normal. But it's still unbelievably tight for someone as thin as Asriel. Frisk then remembers how bulky Asgore is and suddenly dreads how tight Asriel will be hugging him by that time.

"-ou sick, okay...?" Asriel's voice registers in his mind, and he looks up.

"Huh...?" He asks sheepishly. Asriel grins slightly before making a serious expression that strongly resembles his mother's.

"Maybe we shouldn't be hugging. I don't wanna get you sick." He says softly. Frisk frowns a little, then defiantly presses closer to the monster. "F-Frisk...?"

"I don't care if I get sick...hugging always makes you feel better, right...?" The human asks quietly. Asriel sighs quietly, then slowly downs the glass of water. Frisk smiles and looks up at his brother. "Need help getting back up to our room...?" He's surprised when Asriel shakes his head.

"Let's just sleep in the den...the fireplace is in there..." Asriel suggests. Frisk nods and stands, helping the monster to walk to the couch. The den is without a doubt the warmest room in the house. As always, Toriel's fire magic is pleasantly warm rather than hot. Unless she's attacking, in which case it burns worse than any regular fire Frisk has ever come across. He places Asriel on his side in a laying position, then starts to walk towards the recliner. "Where are you going...?" Asriel whimpers.

"I'm just gonna sleep on the recliner..." Frisk replies quietly, turning to face his brother. The monster shakes his head and scoots backwards, against the back of the couch.

"Lay down with me..." He mutters, blushing slightly. Frisk smiles and obliges, laying down on the couch and facing Asriel. "Thank you..." Frisk smiles a bit wider and nods, then wraps his arms around his brother and nuzzles into the monster's soft fur. Asriel blushes deeply, then smiles and hugs back. He slowly closes his eyes and starts to fall asleep.

...

Asriel wakes up, feeling extremely hot. But he can feel the cool air around him, as if he has a barrier of fire around him. Frisk suddenly

walks in from the kitchen, holding a wet cloth.

"Oh, you're awake!" He exclaims, increasing his pace. He sits down on the couch at Asriel's feet and gently places the cool cloth onto Asriel's forehead. "You're running a fever of 101 degrees. I offered to take care of you for as long as you're sick." Frisk grins. "It's a miracle that Mom said yes." Asriel barely manages a smile, closing his eyes again. They snap back open when he feels Frisk place a gentle kiss onto his nose. Without warning, he bleats loudly. Frisk giggles loudly, while Asriel looks away from embarrassment.

"D-Don't laugh at me..." He mutters. Frisk immediately stops and hugs him tightly.

"I'm not laughing to be mean. I just...I think it's cute..." He whispers, blushing. Then he bites his lip and sits up. "There's a problem, though..." Asriel frowns and tilts his head slightly.

"What is it...?" He asks. Frisk looks nervous, looking away and blushing deeply as he answers.

"Mom says I have to help you take a bath..."

If it's possible to blush on top of a fever, Asriel does it.

****This ending though X3****

****I hope you all enjoyed it!****

5. Chapter 5: Date

****This time, we're going for all out Asriel/Frisk shiping!
:D****

****Asriel-Age 17****

****Frisk-Age 16****

****Enjoy, everybody!****

"Do I really need to dress up, guys?" Asriel asks, frowning as Toriel hands him another outfit to try on. Ever since he and Frisk had started dating, their friends have been in a constant uproar. Asriel knows that it's a pretty big deal, but not as big as everyone besides Frisk and himself have been treating it. Alphys and Undyne are pretty excited, every once in a while offering Asriel some advice. Papyrus had simply looked at Frisk when he found out and muttered something about 'second best'. Toriel has been constantly making a fuss about it, asking personal questions and giving even more personal tips. Asgore seems proud, claiming that his son and Frisk 'will be very happy together in marriage'. This embarrassed Asriel more than it did Frisk. Sans hadn't said anything very extravagant, just hugging Frisk briefly and saying that he's happy for them. Asriel still remembers what Sans had said to him a few years ago and frowns solemnly. He doesn't ever plan to hurt Frisk, but still has been careful to control his temper. He may have his father's build (minus the chubbiness), but he has his mother's fiery temper. But he doesn't really need to worry. Frisk had always adored Asriel, and this affection only increased when they began to date.

"Of course you do!" Undyne exclaims, grinning widely. "There's no better way to reel someone in than to dress attractively!" Before Sans or Toriel get a chance to point out the accidental pun that's just screaming for attention, Asriel interrupts.

"We're just going to a movie!" Toriel, Alphys, Undyne, and Sans stare at him as if he's grown three heads. Asriel slowly backs away from the four.

"Just...a...movie...?" Toriel asks slowly. Asriel shivers slightly as his mother draws closer. Then the front door opens.

...

Frisk hums a vaguely familiar tune as he opens the door to his house.

"Mom, I'm home!" He calls out. There's a loud trampling of footsteps before he's greeted by Alphys. "Hi Alphie! What're you doing here?" He reaches into his backpack and holds out a box of instant noodles. "I was gonna drive these over to your house, but...here you are, so..." Alphys grins nervously, sweat beading on her forehead as she takes the box. "Are you okay?"

"Y-YEAH!" The scientist squeaks loudly. Then she blushes and nods her head. "I-I mean, yeah! Wh-why do you ask?!" Frisk squints his eyes at her, looking suspicious already. Then he hears a loud blast of something, bright white light flashing from upstairs.

"_I CAN DRESS MYSELF! GET OUT!_" Asriel yells, his already deep voice lower than his father's. Toriel, Sans, and Undyne suddenly run down the stairs as well.

"Mom...?" Frisk asks slowly. "What's going on...?" She waits a solid ten seconds before answering.

"You'll just have to go upstairs and ask!" She says quickly. "I need to make dinner!" She runs into the kitchen.

"I'll help you!" Sans runs after her.

"Me and Alphys have gotta run!" Undyne grabs her girlfriend's hand and dashes out of the house. Frisk blinks a few times in confusion, then walks upstairs. He knocks on the door and jumps away just in time as it blasts open.

"_MOM, I SAID-_" Asriel starts, then sees that it's Frisk and cuts himself off. He instead offers a smile just as he pulls the hem of his shirt down to his waist. This fact both relieves and disappoints Frisk, which in turn causes a light blush to tint his cheeks. Asriel walks over and stops a few feet away. When they were younger, they were around the same height. But now Asriel is a staggering 6'1 while Frisk has remained at a small 5'7 since he turned 15. Likewise, Asriel inherited his father's bulk to go with the height. He's not huge, but he's far from the skinny kid he used to be. Frisk, on the other hand, only managed to lose the slight chubbiness he had as a child and is now just thin and short.

"Hi, Azzy..." Frisk mutters, looking at the monster's outfit. A black

t-shirt with long white sleeves sewn underneath, and black pants to match. There's a golden locket around his neck. Although it brings back slightly painful memories, Frisk is happy that Asriel isn't ashamed of his life before becoming Flowey. Asriel's smile becomes a grin.

"Hey Frisk!" The monster replies cheerfully, his small tail wagging. "Are you ready?"

"For what?" Frisk asks, tilting his head curiously. Asriel blushes slightly.

"Oh...I assumed Mom already told you..." He mutters. Then he beams. "I rented tickets to a movie! Do you wanna go?" Frisk grins excitedly.

"Of course I do! What movie is it?" He asks. Asriel lowers his voice to an ominous whisper.

"The Crimson Sea..." He growls into Frisk's ear. The human shivers, then pushes a now grinning Asriel away. "It's just one of those shark movies." Frisk nods, then grins as Asriel leads him down the stairs by the hand. The duo ignores Toriel and Sans, who're watching them not-so-discreetly.

"So, why a shark movie?" Frisk asks curiously. Asriel shrugs, then smiles.

"Something called 'Shark Week' I heard about on the news. It's an annual week long shark movie fest. Documentaries, thrillers, whatever's popular." The monster replies. Frisk nods, then slows down until Asriel is in front of him. The human then leaps onto Asriel's back, giggling. He goes silent in surprise when, even as he flinches slightly, Asriel doesn't sway at all from his weight.

"Wow..." He mutters, then speaks out loud. "The theater's not far, right?" Asriel shakes his head.

"No, It's just past the beach. Which is about half a mile from here." Frisk grins brightly.

"Yay! I haven't seen Onionsan in ages!" He exclaims. Asriel rolls his eyes, but smiles.

...

Asriel and Frisk finally make it to the movie theater, Frisk still looking back at Onionsan's small, distant figure and waving. Asriel grips the human's hand and pulls him to the ticket booth.

"Howdy! Two tickets to Crimson Sea, please." He says. The boy running the ticket booth gives them the tickets, and Asriel pays. The two walk into the movie room. There's hardly anybody else there. Asriel leads Frisk to a top row and sits down. Frisk sits next to him and leans over, his head resting on the monster's arm. Asriel's stubby tail sways slightly, and he grins. About ten minutes into the movie, Frisk whimpers as someone gets killed by a shark. Deciding to try to lighten the mood, Asriel leans down. "Thank God Onionsan can't watch these movies..."

"...he'd probably guard the beach to help people out..." Frisk mutters back. Asriel smiles and wraps his arm around Frisk, who closes his eyes. "...Asriel...?" Said monster looks down.

"Yeah...?" He asks quietly. He blushes slightly as Frisk leans up, pressing their lips together. After a few seconds, they pull away.

"I love you..." He whispers, resting his head onto his boyfriend's chest. Asriel's tail wags in a frenzy before he hugs Frisk tightly.

"I love you too." He sighs happily. "More than anything..."

****I love this :D****

6. Chapter 6: Texting

****A friend of mine requested that I do a Toriel/Sans chapter. I finished the True Pacifist run for the second time a while ago, and it gave me this idea. This ENTIRE thing is just them texting XD****

****Toriel-Underlined Type****

****Sans-Italic Type****

****Enjoy!****

hey tori

Hello Sans! :)

what're you up to?

The children are at school, so I've got the house to myself. Well, almost :P

is it asgore again?

He'd be an upgrade, actually.

it's mettaton, isn't it?

You guessed it. His body is wearing, and he found out that Alphys will be coming over soon. So he's decided to wait at my house.

uh oh. well, i'm alone at my house too. papyrus is the substitute cooking teacher at the high school. speaking of, shouldn't you be there too?

They made me take a day off. I don't even have that many vacation days!

how many do you have?

178

that's how many days of work i've missed.

You're the opposite of Papyrus.

someone has to be the comic relief.

Good point. What do you think I should make for dinner? I've already made the cinnamon butterscotch pie.

don't frisk and asriel ever get tired of that?

If they have, they've never said anything. Although sometimes I wonder if Asriel even eats his anymore.

does the 'kid' have a problem with it?

LOL, great pun!

thanks. but what makes you think he ain't eating it?

The one time I used a different recipe, Frisk came back down from his room and called me out on it. Asriel didn't seem to notice until I told him. He's been eating my pies for several more years than Frisk has. If anything, HE should've noticed first.

should i ask him about it? or talk to frisk?

No, that's alright. I should just leave it alone. The two are practically attached at the hip these days.

weren't they always?

Yes, but now they won't even be in different rooms unless they're made to. It's cute, but can get a little tiresome.

i can tell you think it's cute, you only ever post pictures of them these days lol.

They are adorable together! But I'm a little worried about Frisk too. He hasn't been taking any breaks as our ambassador.

it's amazing in itself that people still have problems with us.

Perhaps not. Humans have argued among themselves over being different before. Trivial matters, if you ask me.

you might just be rubbing off on him.

They're both surprisingly responsible for their ages.

frisk just turned 15, right?

You were at the party last week, you should know! LOL.

i know. want me to come over and help you out?

That would be wonderful, Sansy!

i'll be right there, tori.

You just teleported, didn't you?

yep.

I'll talk to you when I answer the door!

see ya then, tori!

****Short, but I liked it!****

7. Chapter 7: Fighting For Control

****So I was browsing Steam and found these two really awesome videos. One was a parody of Steven Universe's 'Stronger Than You'. But Sans is singing it as he fights you in the Genocide route. The second is an Undertale fan game where you fight Chara for control of your own body. This is based on both of them.****

****Chapter-Rated T for blood and intense violence with bladed weapons!****

****Fair warning: I've never really done a fight scene involving magic, so...beware of amateur writing! XD****

****Enjoy!****

"Do you remember this place?" Chara asks almost pleasantly, an unsettling smile permanently on his face. Frisk looks around. Gray walls, gray floor...and a bed of yellow flowers with a hole in Mt. Ebott several hundred feet above. Frisk looks down at Chara with a frown and nods solemnly. "This is the place where I took control of your body. But we aren't really here. This is in your spirit. The part of you that still fights for control. All I need to do..." Chara's smile stretches into a malicious grin. "Is kill you..."

...

Sans easily sidesteps swipe after swipe as Frisk swings Chara's dagger at him. Keeping his perpetually confident smile, Sans launches hundreds of bones. Frisk tries to dodge, then leaps at Sans.

SPLAT!

Frisk freezes and slowly looks down. A large, sharp bone has pierced his abdomen. He looks back up at Sans as his Soul cracks in half, then splits apart.

Reload...

...

Frisk ducks and jumps out of the way as Chara launches hundreds of daggers from thin air. Frisk rolls out of the way and leaps, grabbing one of the knives and shooting it back at the sender. Chara jumps to the side, and the blade slices his arm lightly. Chara grins and laughs condescendingly.

"Is that the best you can do?" He asks. "Come on, Frisk. Where's your Determination?!" And another barrage of knives are sent.

...

Even though Sans knows that just one good hit will spell death for him, he remains calm as he sends two blasters Frisk's way. The human rolls out of the way and runs full speed. At the last second, he jumps as a circle of jagged bones shoot upwards from where he was standing. He swings downwards towards Sans' head, and-

ZAP!

He's thrown across the room and hits the wall, cracking it. He coughs up blood and looks at Sans, who's once again standing casually with his hands in his pockets. Frisk's Soul bisects, then explodes into shards.

Reload...

...

Frisk pulls his own knife from his pocket and leaps at Chara, who raises his dagger at the last second.

CLANG!

They swing at each other, ducking and dodging the other's hits with neither landing a single blow. Frisk circles so that his back is to the hallway that will lead to his Soul. He feints an attack. As Chara raises his knife to block it, Frisk changes direction and runs down the hallway.

"GET BACK HERE!" Chara screams, running after him.

...

Frisk suddenly stops and looks at Sans. Then he smiles sweetly and Spares the skeleton. For a moment, Sans looks confused. Then he glares fiercely and blasts Frisk. The child screams and hits a pillar, feeling every single rib snap. Blinded by pain, he loses control to Chara once again.

Reload...

...

"You're persistent, I'll give you that!" Chara exclaims, this time firmly ensuring that Frisk gets no chance to escape. "But Asriel was right! YOU'RE AN IDIOT!" Frisk doesn't respond, focusing all of his energy on killing the enemy of his Soul and everyone's Hopes and Dreams. He deflects most of Chara's knife launches and dodges the rest, slowly making his way forward. Then he lunges.

SLICE!

His knife slides through Chara's left arm. The evil human screams, then swings his knife. Frisk jumps away just in time to keep it from slicing his throat open.

...

Frisk is finally close enough to get a good hit! He spins out of the way of a blaster, then swings. Sans catches his wrist. The two stare at each other, and time seems to freeze.

SCHLICK!

Another bone slides through Frisk's chest. He gasps and chokes, droplets of blood spewing out and staining Sans' bleach white skull. His Soul once again shatters.

Reload...

...

Both of the boys have by now taken some serious damage. Frisk is favoring his right leg, and his right eye is clenched shut. Chara's left arm hangs limp, and his nose is dripping blood at an almost alarming rate. Still, they fight on. Each human's Determination matches the other. It's only a matter of time before one dies. The fate of the entire world is at stake, and the two fight with everything they have.

"JUST DIE ALREADY!" Chara shouts, swinging and releasing his knife at the last second. Frisk does the same.

SCHINK!

SPLURCH!

—...—

In the middle of the battle, Frisk once again freezes. Sans readies his blaster. He glares, rage flooding him as that sweet, childish smile graces the human's face. The kid drops the knife and approaches Sans. The skeleton yells and shoots another bone. It slices right through Frisk's heart. He flinches, then continues to shakily smile. He reaches forwards, and a large label appears between them.

RESET

Sans' anger dissipates as Frisk looks at him one final time. A huge grin covers his face before he presses the button. Then he falls forward. Sans catches him, his body shaking. As everything around them fades away, tears spill from the skeleton's eye sockets.

"i'm sorry, kid..." He whispers. "i had to..." He looks down at Frisk, who smiles one last time.

Loading...

...

Frisk wakes up on a bed of yellow flowers. He stands up unsteadily and walks down a gray hallway to a purple gate. He walks through it and sees a yellow buttercup smiling cutely at him.

"Hi!" It exclaims. "I'm Flowey! Flowey the flower!"

****And from there, the Pacifist Route begins :)****

8. Chapter 8: Taking The Blame

****Yet another idea brought along by my friend. She's incredible at helping me with this :D****

****Asriel-Age 15****

****Frisk-Age 14****

****Enjoy!****

Asriel knew it wasn't a very good idea to begin with. But was it his fault that the Cultural Arts teacher supplied them with busy work after exams instead of letting them watch *Les Miserables*, as she said she would? In a moment of rebellion he has his own mother to thank for, Asriel stacked chairs meticulously in front of the classroom door after school. Then he duct taped a poster to the chairs and painted the words 'Viva La Revolucion!' (Long Live The Revolution) onto it. He struggles not to grin as he and his classmates, including Frisk, stop in front of the chair barricade the following morning. Frisk's eyes are wide, and he's one of the few kids not laughing or otherwise appearing amused. He slowly looks over at his brother. _Crap. Caught red handed._

"Did you do this?" Frisk asks quietly. Asriel looks away as if he hadn't heard, which is all that Frisk needs for an answer. "I can't believe this...she's gonna be so mad..." Asriel can't help but chuckle.

"No kidding. I can picture her face." He replies in a hushed voice as she approaches. The face Asriel imagined is _nothing_ compared to how it actually goes. It's all the monster can do to keep from laughing his head off.

"Who...who did this?!" She asks, her face red with anger. Everyone goes silent, but nobody claims the guilt. Asriel's pretty confident that he won't get caught. Until...

"I did it." Frisk says next to him. Asriel's eyes widen. Everyone's heads turn to look at him. His face looks devoid of all emotion. He isn't even blushing, which he usually does if there's a lot of attention on him.

...

Needless to say, their mom isn't happy at all. She sent Asriel up into his room, where he covered his face with his long ears and laid down on his bed. Several minutes later, Frisk finally comes in looking tired. Without thinking, Asriel jumps out of the bed, walks over, and slaps him. Not as hard as he can, but definitely not lightly. The human flinches and looks up at Asriel, confused.

"You _idiot_" Asriel almost yells, anger tinting the corners of his vision red. Inside, he hopes he doesn't lose his temper. It'd be bad if he lost it on his brother. Even though he doesn't even come close

to his powers as the God of Hyperdeath, he still has abilities rivaling his mother's _and _father's combined. "I can't believe you did that! I wasn't even gonna get caught!"

"Yes you were..." Frisk mutters in response, one hand gingerly rubbing the mark Asriel had made from hitting him. "You complained to Mom when we went to her office before After School, remember? Even if we weren't caught by the teacher, Mom would've labeled you as a suspect anyway..." Some of Asriel's anger fades, but by no means all of it.

"But you've been suspended for a _week_!" He argues, grabbing Frisk's arm. "Do you know how long it'll take for you to catch up with all of that work?!"

"Of course I do..." The human replies. "Even if I didn't, I would've taken the blame."

"God, you're so _stupid_!" Asriel's yelling now. His vision is just pinpricks surrounded by red. He whirls around and punches the wall by his bed. With a loud crash, he busts a hole in the thin wood. He hears Frisk whimper, but he barely acknowledges it until all of his anger disappears. He turns to look at his brother, who's shaking slightly.

"Y-You're hurt..." He whispers, pointing at Asriel's paw. The monster looks down at it. The paw he hit the wall with is bleeding, a few splinters lodged into the skin and fur. Asriel growls and pushes past Frisk, walking into the bathroom to take care of the injury. He hardly feels it though. He vaguely notices that his mom isn't around. Probably back at the school grading papers. He walks into the bathroom and gets a rag, tweezers, and antiseptic.

...

When he comes back, Frisk is curled up in his bed facing away from Asriel's bed. It had become a habit for them to fall asleep facing each other, so for Frisk to not do that sends red flags into the monster's brain. He sighs, still slightly angry, and lays down in his own bed. He turns away to face the wall and closes his eyes.

...

When he wakes up later that night, he feels something pressed against his back. Whatever it is, it's shaking pretty badly. Asriel breathes out and sees fog. Then he inwardly groans. _I forgot to set a fire... _He sighs and turns over, then looks down. Frisk is curled up asleep, but shaking harder than Temmie when she met a town of people. Asriel frowns and gets out of bed, then picks Frisk up and holds onto him tightly. He carries the human downstairs and sets him down on the couch. He looks at the clock. 10:13 PM. _Mom won't be back for probably another hour... _He holds his paw out towards the empty fireplace. A ball of warm flames, about the size of a basketball, appears just in front of his palm. Then it slowly shoots into the fireplace and takes up the whole space. He smiles and lays down next to Frisk, pulling the smaller kid on top of him and hugging him tightly.

"I'm sorry..." He mutters. He tightens his hug slightly. "I love you,

Frisk..." He closes his eyes and sighs. Just before he falls asleep, he registers Frisk's voice.

"I love you too, Azzy..."

I loved writing this so much :3

9. Chapter 9: Party

This one is more of a Frisk/Sans bonding moment with Asriel/Frisk relationship at the beginning and end.

Asriel-Age 18

Frisk-Age 17

Enjoy!

"Do I really have to go?" Frisk asks with a frown as he walks into the den. Asriel hugs him from behind and kisses the top of his head.

"Of course you don't." He replies quietly. "But I really want you to." Frisk pulls out of the hug and turns around to face the monster. He grimaces slightly.

"Why? I wasn't even invited. You were. Why do you even want me there?" He asks. As a response, Asriel leans down to his height and gives him a peck on the lips.

"It won't be any fun without you..." The goatlike monster whispers, smiling slightly. A light blush covers Frisk's face, but he returns the smile. Behind them, Toriel and Sans are turning the kitchen into a disaster area with Undyne and Papyrus while Alphys and Mettaton watch with increasing alarm. Asgore, on the other hand, only seems to have eyes for Toriel.

"Fine..." Frisk finally mutters. Then he grins and pokes Asriel on the nose. As always, the monster bleats like a goat and blushes deeply. "But only because you want me to, Azzy..." Asriel's tail wags quickly as he grabs Frisk's hand and leads him outside.

"Come on, it's gonna start in twenty minutes!" He exclaims. Frisk laughs.

...

They've only been at the party for about three hours, but Frisk is already regretting his decision to go. It didn't surprise him that some older kids showed up, but it was a pretty big surprise that many if not most of them brought alcohol. As he bumps into the fortieth drunk party goer that night, he finally sees Asriel sitting on a chair next to a few kids from their classes. Frisk finally reaches him and starts to speak, then Asriel looks at him and interrupts.

"There's the cutest guy at this party!" Asriel exclaims, laughing. Frisk frowns at him. He doesn't _look _drunk...

"Asriel, I..." He drops his voice and looks down. "I wanna go home..." Asriel drops his smile for a moment before it reappears.

"Seriously? Come on, Frisk! Have some fun!" The monster exclaims. "So what if a few kids brought beer? Just don't drink anything!"

"I wanna go home _now, _Asriel." Frisk insists, blushing slightly. Asriel's smile becomes an annoyed glare.

"Then go. If you didn't plan on staying, then you should've said no when I asked." Frisk winces slightly, then glares and walks out of the house as fast as he can. As soon as he's out of sight, he takes off running at full speed towards his house. Anger and hurt boil up in his chest, threatening to rip out of his throat as a scream. Tears burn behind his eyes, but he doesn't let them fall. When he finally runs out of breath, he stops and pants heavily. He squints and sees his house, looking about half an inch tall in the distance. He sighs and slowly walks towards it.

"hey kid." A familiar voice says from behind him. Frisk can't help it. He screams and whirls around, jumping back. Sans looks ready to laugh, but for whatever reason, he doesn't.

"Jeez, Sans!" Frisk exclaims. "You scared me!" Sans' grin gets a little wider.

"still got it. heading home, huh? where's asriel?" The skeleton asks. Frisk looks down silently, tears once again threatening to pour down his cheeks. "...kid?" Before he can stop himself, Frisk hugs Sans tightly and breaks down, sobbing into the skeleton's jacket. Despite being obviously uncomfortable (if his stiffness during this is any indication), he hugs the human back. After several seconds, Frisk releases him and wipes his eyes.

"S-Sorry, Sans..." He whispers, his face red from both crying and embarrassment.

"no problem, kid...are you gonna be alright?" Sans replies. Frisk bites his lip and explains what had happened. When he finally gains the nerve to look up, the white dots in Sans' eye sockets are gone. But a second later, they reappear. "need a shortcut home?" He asks quietly. Frisk feels dread hanging over him, but slowly nods. Sans leads him off of the road. Frisk's vision goes black for a second, and then he's in his front yard. He turns to thank Sans, but the skeleton's already gone. The human frowns and fidgets slightly, then walks into his house.

...

Asriel feels a cold chill as he's walking home about an hour later. He bites his lip as he wonders how he can make it up to Frisk for being so mean. He shivers as the chill grows stronger. He pulls his jacket hood over his head and walks a little faster. Then he hears footsteps behind him and stops.

"ya know, kid, there ain't a lot that stopped me from killing you in the first place." Sans says from behind him, his voice unusually quiet. Asriel stiffens and whirls around, his body tense and ready for Fight-Or-Flight mode. Sans doesn't look affected at all. "but

right now, there's only two things that keep me from it."

"And what would they be...?" Asriel asks uneasily. Sans holds up a skeletal fist and holds up a finger.

"one, you're tori's son. and two, frisk loves you." He replies coldly. "you're really indecisive, huh? you practically beg frisk to go to a stupid party, and then you tell him to walk home alone late at night just because he didn't wanna stay. you've got a lot of nerve."

"What do you want from me, Sans?" Asriel asks, not exactly afraid but definitely wary. Sans chuckles darkly.

"remember when i said you'd have a bad time if you hurt frisk...?" He looks back up at Asriel, who tenses and prepares to run.
"well..."

...

Frisk wakes up the next morning and rolls over. Asriel's not in his bed. The human frowns and gets up, yawning as he walks downstairs. He sees Asriel sitting at the table, eating breakfast silently. Frisk bites his lip, then walks over. When he gets behind the monster, he nuzzles the tuft of fur on top of his head.

"Morning, Azzy." He says, then sits down into the chair beside the monster. Asriel grins at him and kisses his nose.

"Hey Frisk!" He frowns. "Listen, about last night-" Frisk interrupts him.

"Don't worry about it. I'm not upset anymore." He grins. "Say, what time did you get home last night?" Asriel looks at him and shrugs as he finishes eating.

"About an hour after you did. Why?" Frisk bites his lip.

"Just wondering...you look like you didn't sleep at all." Asriel stiffens for a moment before he speaks again.

"I didn't get a whole lot, no. Sans and I, uh...had a 'heart-to-heart' talk." This immediately sends alarms off in Frisk's head.

"You two didn't fight, did you?!" He asks. Asriel doesn't answer for a minute. When he finally does, he seems to be carefully choosing his words.

"Not exactly...he just showed me what would happen if I...if I hurt you again..." Frisk frowns at the last few words.

"You're not perfect, Asriel. I expect you to mess up a few times. I don't like that you do, but I'll get over it when it happens." He says. Asriel smiles and leans over, kissing him gently. Frisk kisses back, then pulls away and smiles. "I'll love you no matter what." Asriel's tail wags quickly, thumping lightly against the back of the seat.

"I love you too." He replies.

...

From the den, just out of view, Sans watches. He grins and shakes his head.

"not bad, kiddo. i know you'll take care of him." He mutters. Then, still smiling, he silently leaves.

****Loved it X3****

10. Chapter 10: Triple Trouble

****Hey! So this is based on an AU (that I have yet to figure out the origin of XD) where Asriel, Frisk, and Chara are all in the surface with the monsters and live with Toriel. I figured I'd try it out X3****

****Asriel-Age 13****

****Frisk-Age 12****

****Chara-Age 13****

****Enjoy!****

"I don't think we should do this..." Frisk says quietly, looking between the monster and human with an uneasy frown. Chara rolls his eyes and grins at him.

"Come on, Frisk!" He exclaims, grinning. "It'll be fun!" Asriel's grinning too, but doesn't look as certain when he looks at Frisk. The pacifist looks down and slumps his shoulders, knowing that he can't do anything to change his brother's mind. Chara's smile fades, his face taking on a look of mild irritation. Then he sighs and shakes his head.

"Chara..." Frisk mutters, his voice pleading. Chara rubs his eyes, then lifts Frisk's head to look him in the eye. Frisk holds it for about three seconds before he looks away.

"...fine." Chara decides, sounding a little bitter. Then he grabs the bucket of water he'd set down next to him and takes it outside, pouring it into the garden. He comes back inside just as Asgore shows up at the driveway. All three of the kids look uncomfortable as he offers them a gentle smile.

"Hello, children." He says, his voice booming but his tone soft.

"Hi Dad..." Asriel replies, smiling back. "Are you looking for Mom?" Asgore rubs his son's head with a large hand, then nods.

"As a matter of fact, I am." He replies. "Is she home?"

"No." Chara cuts in quickly, his fists clenched slightly and his voice strained. Frisk slowly reaches down and clasps one of Chara's hands in his and holds it tightly. Without thinking, Chara squeezes as hard as he can to channel his anger out. Frisk winces slightly, wondering if it'll bruise. This small scene doesn't go unnoticed by

Asriel and Asgore, but the former quickly continues the conversation.

"No, Mom's on another d-...outing...with Sans." Asgore frowns, looking a little dejected. Asriel grins. "But you're welcome to stay here until she comes home!" Asgore looks thoughtful, then shakes his head.

"No thank you, Asriel. I will leave you three to your business. Have a good day!" He turns and leaves. Asriel looks back at his siblings. Chara's gripping Frisk's arm in one hand and gingerly rubbing where he'd been squeezing his hand with the other. Frisk is wincing every few seconds. Asriel smiles and runs a hand through Frisk's thick hair.

"Are you feeling alright?" He asks Chara. The human nods slowly, his eyes downcast as he hums a song that's familiar to all of them.

"I never learned the name of that song..." Frisk whispers, closing his eyes. Chara looks at him and smiles.

"Memory." He responds, then continues to hum. Asriel plays with Frisk's hair gently, then hums in thought.

"Do you guys want to go somewhere...?" He asks. "Maybe walk to the beach, or to Grillby's?" Frisk's eyes snap open and he looks up, grinning brightly.

"Can we go to Grillby's?" He asks. "I wanna see if the Dogs are there!" Chara rolls his eyes, not really caring for the family of canines. Asriel, on the other hand, laughs and nods.

"Come on, let's go!"

...

The familiar smell of grease and a few drinks that they shouldn't be having greets the trio as they enter. Frisk looks around and sure enough, he spots them. Doggo, Dogamy, Dogaressa, Lesser Dog, Greater Dog, and their Amalgamate parent. Frisk immediately runs over and is tackled playfully by Greater Dog as soon as he's spotted. Asriel laughs and runs over too. Chara, however, walks ahead and sits at the counter. He notices with no small amount of disgust that the grown man sitting next to him is almost passed out drunk.

"Three burgers." He says to the living flame known as Grillby. The bartender/owner/cook nods and leaves into the kitchen while Frisk surveys his surroundings out of habit. A few more drunk men and women...a group of girls from school...Monster Kid and his parents...a few guys from the high school leaving with a smaller kid...the Dog family and Asriel... Chara sits up straight. Where's Frisk? Then something clicks in his mind. The teenagers! His vision begins to turn blood red, and he looks at Asriel. The monster is staring at him, his own eyes now black.

...

"Let me go...!" Frisk cries, yanking his arm away. One of the boys launches a kick at him, which he dodges. But another one of them slams him against the wall, knocking the wind out of him.

"Get the freak's gold!" The one pinning him says. Frisk squirms and kicks out weakly, still trying to catch his breath. Then multicolored lightning strikes near the group. The boy pinning Frisk to the wall jumps back, releasing him. The human looks over to see Chara holding his Real Knife and Asriel in his 7 Soul form. Frisk runs over and hugs Asriel tightly, who gently pushes him behind them. Then he and Chara grin at the boys maliciously.

"**_You just messed with the wrong kid_**." Asriel booms, his voice rivaling his father's in depth. Chara grins, his face looking as if it's about to melt off.

"**_GET rEAdY FoR HeLL_**." He adds, his voice distorted and demonic. "**_BeCaUSE iT'S cOmING foR yOu ALL_**..."

...

"You didn't have to do that..." Frisk mutters, clinging onto Asriel's back as the monster carries him inside with Chara close behind.

"Of course we did!" Asriel replies, walking into their room and sliding Frisk onto the large queen sized bed. "They wouldn't have let you go if we didn't act insane!"

"We _are _insane, Az." Chara replies, kicking off his shoes and pulling Frisk's off for him. "Acting has nothing to do with it."

"Granted." Asriel says. "And it's not like we hurt them! They ran away like a bunch of-"

"Buttercups?" Chara suggests, earning a glare. "What? It was a joke! Pansies are a type of flower!" Frisk giggles tiredly. "See? Frisk gets it!" Asriel rolls his eyes and changes into his pajamas, then starts to help Frisk do the same.

"Why're you guys treating me like a baby?" He asks. Asriel and Chara stare at him, then sit on either side of him and hug him tightly.

"Cause you're the baby of the family, that's why!" Chara replies, grinning. then he gets back up and changes into his pajamas as well. Frisk sighs exasperatedly, but allows Asriel to help him do the same. They all finally lay down under the blankets with Frisk in the middle. Chara and Asriel turn on their sides and wrap an arm protectively around their brother.

"You're too nice, Frisk..." Asriel mutters. "I told you that not everything can be solved that way..." Frisk frowns and sighs sadly.

"I know...but I still don't wanna hurt anybody..." Chara frowns and tightens his hold on the younger human.

"You have to fight some people, you know...and from what Asriel's told me, you're a great fighter when you wanna be." Frisk shakes his head.

"I can't hurt people..." He whispers. "I'm not like that..." Asriel

sighs and nuzzles his neck, smiling. Chara shifts a little closer to his brother and closes his eyes. Asriel does the same. And eventually, so does Frisk.

They'll wake up in the morning to find that Toriel posted pictures of them hugging the previous night to every social media site that she knows.

****I liked writing this! It was fun! :D****

11. Chapter 11: Date Night

****About time I do a little Undyne/Alphys eh? X3****

****Enjoy!****

Alphys is running back and forth in her house at a speed Frisk never thought possible as he and Asriel watch Kill La Kill on Crunchyroll. After an episode or two, Alphys stops running and looks at the two.

"How do I look?" She asks nervously, her forehead beading with sweat and her body shaking. Frisk smiles and grabs a tissue, then wipes away the sweat.

"You look beautiful as always, Alphys!" He assures her. Asriel snorts behind him.

"How many of your friends are you gonna flirt with?" He asks. Frisk glares.

"Everybody but you, which I guarantee will never happen." He retorts. ****(We all know what's gonna happen though X3) ****Alphys chuckles breathily in response.

"Th-Thank you, Frisk.." She stammers. Then she lets out a noise very much like a squeak as there's a firm, loud knock on the door.

"Hey Alphys!" Undyne booms out from the other side. "Are you ready yet? Asgore told me about this great restaurant and..." She opens the door and stares at Alphys. The reptile is wearing a deep blue dress with soft purple swirls patterned in, contrasting sharply with her orange skin. The bottom is frilled out with a soft, almost furry looking violet fabric. Undyne's blue scales seem to darken to a soft purple before returning to their normal shade as she grins. "Wow, Alphys! You look real cute in that!" Alphys blushes deeply and grins nervously, noting that Undyne's only wearing jeans, combat boots, and a new leather jacket.

"U-Uh...thanks Un-Undyne...! Sh-Should we g-g-go?" She asks. Undyne nods and brushes her scarlet bangs out of her eyes, then reaches down and grabs Alphys by the hand.

"Come on, let's go!" She all but drags the scientist/otaku outside while Asriel and Frisk watch.

...

"So...Asgore recommended this place...?" Alphys asks, looking around

nervously. It's a fast food restaurant in the image of...three guesses...Mettaton. The robot has skyrocketed in popularity since his debut (much to Burgerpants' displeasure and loss of a bit more of his almost stagnant sanity). Undyne grins widely and laughs.

"You bet he did! The big guy's got a real thing for steak!" She pulls Alphys in and orders a table for two with two Mettaton Steaks and three Starfaits, then leads her girlfriend to the biggest table there. When a snooty looking waiter starts to object, Undyne offers a terrifying sneer as a turquoise spear materializes in her hand. It disappears as the waiter almost sprints away.

"S-So, uh...I f-found a new anime we can watch..." Alphys says, smiling. Undyne's eyes widen in excitement.

"Really?! What is it?!" She asks. Alphys suppresses a laugh at the former Royal Guard's eagerness.

"I-It's called, uh...S-Sword Art Online..." **(Come at me, haters XD)
**Undyne's ecstatic grin widens.

"You had me at sword, Alphys! I can't wait to watch it!" Then her grin turns slightly embarrassed as she rubs the back of her head. "But, uh...we'll have to do it at your house..."

"Why?" Alphys asks, frowning. "Did something happen?"

"I, uh...got carried away teaching Papyrus how to cook lasagna...eheheh..." Undyne laughs nervously. Alphys blinks, then grins.

"You just can't help yourself from going crazy with cooking, can you?" She asks, blushing as she begins to laugh. Undyne shakes her head, unashamed of the fact.

"Nope!" Then she grins. "I've got Asriel and Frisk in my gym class this next week. I've got a few new exercises that I'd like to see them try out." She chuckles. "If Asriel's anything like his old man, he'll pull through without complaint. Frisk, on the other hand..."

"Hey, never doubt that kid when it comes to Determination." Alphys replies. "He's gotten through a lot of his life just from sheer will to accomplish it."

"I know, that kid's incredible." Undyne starts to laugh. "If only he and Asriel knew about the fanfictions that you made about them!" Alphys blushes deeply, her eyes widening.

"You're not gonna tell them about it, are you?" She asks. Undyne shakes her head.

"Nah, of course not! I'm too busy shipping it in real life to care!" She laughs. "But you capture their attitudes pretty well!" She looks around, then lowers her voice. "Not to mention those ones about Toriel and Sans~..." Alphys grins.

"Why're you whispering?" The reptile asks. Undyne looks around again.

"Just in case Asgore's around. I swear, he's got ears like a...like a..."

"Like a goat?" Alphys suggests. Undyne laughs and nods. Then she looks serious.

"He's still not gotten over Toriel. I keep telling him to put himself out there, but...you know." She shrugs. Alphys slowly nods.

"Yeah...I don't think Toriel really likes him much anymore..."

"What about Mettaton?" Undyne asks. "Has he found his special star?" Alphys gives a short laugh.

"His special stars are Shyren and Napstablook. I don't think he's really interested in relationships of a caliber beyond platonic." Undyne hums and nods, drumming her fingers on the table as the food finally arrives. She thanks the waiter and digs into the steak while Alphys sips her Starfait. "Although...I think Papyrus might be crushing on him." Undyne chokes on her steak and spits it out. It flies across the room and splatters against the window. She laughs while people start staring.

"You're kidding, right?" She asks, still grinning. Alphys shrugs. "Damn...what makes you think that?"

"Papyrus likes that he's really popular, he's a diehard fan, he's been to every concert, it's the only show that he watches..." She shrugs again. "The list goes on." Undyne nods, then bites her lip. Silence goes on for several moments, then she looks Alphys dead in the eyes.

"You know what?" She mutters. "Screw it." She leans forward and presses her lips against Alphys'. Immediately, the scientist's entire body goes red. Undyne finally pulls away. "I love you." She says simply. Alphys looks like a statue. Then, finally, she tips over and falls off of the chair. Undyne roars with laughter.

I thought this was a great way to end it XD

12. Chapter 12: Road Trip Part 1

Road trip time X3

Asriel-Age 11

Frisk-Age 10

Enjoy!

"Road trip! Road trip!" Frisk yells, giggling. Asriel grins as he follows the human into a huge RV that Undyne and Alphys had bought. Inside are Papyrus, Sans, Undyne, Alphys, and Toriel, with Asgore at the wheel. Asriel and Frisk sit next to each other, the younger child leaning onto the monster and hugging him tightly.

"Aww!" Alphys exclaims, grinning. Asriel and Frisk both blush deeply, causing Undyne to smirk.

"Is this your new OTP?" The ex Royal Guard asks her girlfriend, teasing the boys more than Alphys. Sans chuckles as Toriel sends him a pun by text. He replies with a joke about snow while Papyrus rolls his eyes at the pair. Alphys slowly nods, looking almost ashamed of herself. "Don't worry, it's mine too!"

"YOU TWO SHOULD JUST TALK!" Papyrus says as Asgore starts to drive down the road. "YOU TWO ARE SITTING RIGHT NEXT TO EACH OTHER!" Frisk giggles, holding Asriel's paw with one hand and texting Undyne with the other. Papyrus shakes his head. "SEE? NOW YOU'VE GOT FRISK DOING IT!" Sans shrugs and keeps texting. Papyrus gives up and sighs. After a few minutes, Asgore speaks up.

"Perhaps we could all try playing a game! What do you think, Tori?" His ex wife sends him a death glare, then registers what he said and softens her expression. She simply nods and turns off her phone. Everyone else does the same.

"Wait, where are we even going?" Frisk suddenly asks. There's silence for a few seconds before Asriel bursts out laughing. The others grin. Frisk blushes and shrugs.

"I told you twice! We're going to that natural park outside of town, remember? We're gonna camp there in this thing tonight!" Asriel replies, still giggling. Frisk giggles too, then looks around.

"Are there enough places for everyone to sleep?" He asks. There's one bed, a pair of bunk beds, and a pullout couch. There's eight of them. Toriel smiles.

"I've already got that covered! People will have to share beds!" She pulls a piece of paper from her pocket. It's a rough sketch of the beds layout. "Sans and I will take the regular bed, Asgore and Papyrus can have the couch. Undyne and Alphys will get the bottom bunk, and the children will share the top. If your choices don't work out or you just want someone else, we will work that out later." Everyone nods, but there isn't a single sound of protest. Although Frisk can tell that Asgore has an objection, he doesn't blame the monster for fearing Toriel's wrath.

"so how long will this take?" Sans asks, looking at Alphys. She smiles.

"About 192.50 minutes." She replies. When everyone stares at her, she sighs and elaborates. "About three hours and ten minutes." Asriel, Undyne, and Papyrus all groan loudly. Frisk just giggles while Sans' grin grows bigger.

"it ain't that bad." He says. "it's not like we're walking there." This does nothing to stop the expressions on the three's faces, all of them reading 'bored as heck'. Frisk grins at Asriel and pokes his nose. The monster bleats and covers his mouth, blushing deeply.

"I booped your snootle~!" Frisk giggles while Toriel and Alphys 'aww' at them. Undyne and Papyrus just laugh. Asgore seems too distracted to notice. "Hey, what game do you guys wanna play?" Everyone looks lost in thought before Undyne finally smirks daringly.

"Truth or Dare." She says with finality. Giggling, Asriel and Frisk

agree. Everyone else does a bit reluctantly. "I'll go first.
Hmm...Papyrus, truth or dare?"

"DARE!" Papyrus instantly replies. But his usual confident smile becomes slightly nervous when Undyne sneers evilly.

"I dare you to say that you're in love with Mettaton!" She commands. Papyrus's cheeks turn bright blue, and he shifts uncomfortably.

"I...I'M IN LOVE...WITH METTATON..." He concedes. Everyone laughs while his blush deepens. Then he quickly recovers. "SANS, TRUTH OR DARE?" His brother seems to carefully think out his response before choosing.

"...truth." Papyrus looks disappointed, then grins excitedly.

"ARE YOU IN LOVE WITH TORIEL?" Now it's his brother's turn to blush as all eyes are on him. Even Asgore is staring every few seconds through the rearview mirror. Once again, Sans' response is slow and well thought out.

"...i think so, yeah." His blush deepens as Toriel becomes just as flustered as he is. Asgore looks a little sad. "frisk, truth or dare?" The human responds almost immediately.

"Dare!"

"i dare you to kiss asriel."

"HUH?!"

...

Luckily, Undyne suggested a different game at that moment. Now they're playing Guess Who. It's Frisk's turn. He frowns.

"So I just describe who I'm thinking about?" He asks. Alphys nods.

"But nothing obvious. Like fur or scale color? That's way too obvious." She replies. The human nods.

"...they made mistakes in life, but were forgiven." He says. Immediately, everyone looks at Alphys. Frisk shakes his head. Now everyone looks confused. Asriel, however, looks at the floor. Sans notices and frowns, but says nothing. When everyone gives up, Frisk shakes his head and sits down.

...

When everyone got hungry, Asgore luckily spotted a restaurant before Papyrus and Undyne could go crazy over cooking something on the small stove. After ordering and eating, they set off again. And then Alphys decided to mention that she thought the anime Another is better than Future Diary. Everyone's inner otakus kick in except for Asgore, Sans, and Papyrus, who watch with amused expressions. Finally, after almost twenty minutes straight of arguing, Asgore stops at the border of the natural park. Everyone stops bickering and looks out the windows in fascination. Asgore chuckles and slowly

drives to an empty clearing. Everyone agrees that it's suitable.

...

A few minutes after sunset, everyone begins to get ready for bed. There are now a couple of complaints as to who sleeps next to who. Asriel decides that he wants to share a bed with Asgore (who seems really happy with that decision), and Frisk wants to share a bed with Sans (Toriel seems a bit put out while Sans looks uncomfortable). But with no more complaints, Toriel and Papyrus end up bedding together.

****End of Part One X3****

13. Chapter 13: Road Trip Part 2

****And here's part two X3****

****Enjoy~!****

Just before they go to bed, Asriel and Frisk sit down on the driver and passenger seats of the RV. Asriel reaches over and runs his paw through Frisk's thick hair.

"Are you ever gonna cut this?" He asks quietly, smiling. "And I mean cut it short. You've never cut it shorter than this length." Frisk just grins and shrugs.

"I like it this way." He replies. Then he closes his eyes and sighs. "I'm glad you finally wanna spend time with your dad." Asriel smiles and looks back at Asgore's sleeping form on the couch. He grins slightly.

"Yeah...he and I haven't really been able to talk much lately..." He says. Then he looks over at Frisk and frowns. "So why do you wanna sleep next to Sans?" Frisk looks at him, then smiles sweetly.

"If I can't share a bed with my brother, then why not the next best thing?" He replies. "Sans is a good friend of mine, after all." Asriel nods slowly, then yawns and rubs his eyes.

"Goodnight, Frisk..." He mutters, standing up. Before he goes to the couch, he kisses his brother on the cheek. Frisk blushes slightly and smiles, then gets up too and climbs onto his bed.

...

Asriel crawls under the blanket on the pullout couch and curls up. He looks up at his father and smiles. The former king is sleeping peacefully, a gentle smile on his face. His blonde beard has grown a bit in the last year or two, and Asriel grins as he remembers how he used to tug on the ends when he was younger. He suppresses a giggle and shifts, closing his eyes.

"...beautiful night, isn't it, son...?" Asgore suddenly asks quietly. Asriel opens his eyes and smiles, nodding silently. "I'm...I'm glad that you asked to sleep next to me..." His father rolls onto his back and looks up at the ceiling of the RV. "I remember when you would

climb into your mother and I's bed when you had nightmares..." Asriel blushes a little at the memory, but nods again. Asgore sighs. "What I wouldn't give to earn your mother's love again...but I know it won't happen. She loved me as much as I love her once upon a time, but..." He frowns and looks at his son. "I'm sorry. I shouldn't be talking about this with you..." Asriels hakes his head.

"It's alright, Dad..." He whispers, shifting a little closer. "I know you miss her..." Then he presses against his father and closes his eyes. Asgore smiles, his heart and SOUL swelling with happiness as he hugs his son for the first time in years. "I love you, Dad..."

"I love you too, son..." The former king of monsters kisses his child's forehead and closes his eyes. He may not have his wife anymore, but he has his son. And now that he no longer rules the monster's, he can make up for all of the time they lost.

...

Frisk smiles as he sees Sans staring up at the ceiling. His arms are folded behind his head, and he's smiling as always. Frisk grins and does the same, even copying the skeleton's pose. Sans notices and chuckles quietly.

"you're a funny kid, ya know that?" He asks, turning onto his side. Frisk does the same and shrugs.

"If I wasn't, I wouldn't get along with you so well." He replies. Sans grins.

"point taken, kid." Then his smile fades as much as it can. "we didn't always get along, though." Frisk frowns as the skeleton continues. "you RESET a lot, didn't you? trying new things, new choices, each time. and not all of them were the right choices. in fact, few of them were." His left eye begins to glow blue. "you killed my brother _twice, _all in the name of playing with the timelines like it's all a game." Frisk is avoiding eye contact completely now, his shoulders shaking as he silently begins to cry. "...and yet, i still can't help but care about you..." Frisk pauses, wiping his eyes as he looks back at Sans. The skeleton is looking at him and smiling brightly, his eyes normal now.

"For what it's worth..." Frisk mutters, sniffing. "I hated myself for it. I still kinda do..." Sans shakes his head.

"you shouldn't. you RESET just before it was too late. i'm proud of ya for that, kid." He replies. Frisk smiles shakily and hugs Sans tightly, his tears coming back anew and staining the blue fabric of the skeleton's sweater. Sans shifts uncomfortably, but gives in and hugs Frisk back.

"I love all of my friends, Sans..." Frisk whispers. "But I'll always love you the most..." Sans smiles slightly.

"except for asriel." He replies. Frisk smiles and slowly nods. But he's surprised at what Sans says next. 'i love ya too, buddy." He gently pulls out of the hug and turns away. "now get some sleep. we've got a big day ahead of us." Frisk nods and smiles, closing his eyes and quickly falling asleep.

...

The next day is a blast for everyone. Undyne and Alphys went swimming, Toriel made barbecue with Papyrus and Sans, Asriel learned how to make a fire without Magic by Frisk (and also that you can't touch it), and Asgore planted several flower seeds in the clearing where the RV was parked. Eventually, everyone pitched in with this. The entire way home there is excited chatter and friendly games.

As Frisk looks around at everyone after Sans tells a funny joke, he realizes what everyone means to him.

Asriel, Toriel, Asgore, Sans, Undyne, Alphys, Papyrus...they aren't his friends.

They're his family.

And he's absolutely sure that he got his perfect Happy Ending.

****I love the way I ended this X3****

****Anyway, I have a plan for an actual Undertale story! It may not come out very soon, and it will be VERY AU, but I wanted to let you guys know!****

****I'll see you all next time!****

End
file.